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The Comic minstrel

B l o o m s b u r y
[London]

[18--]

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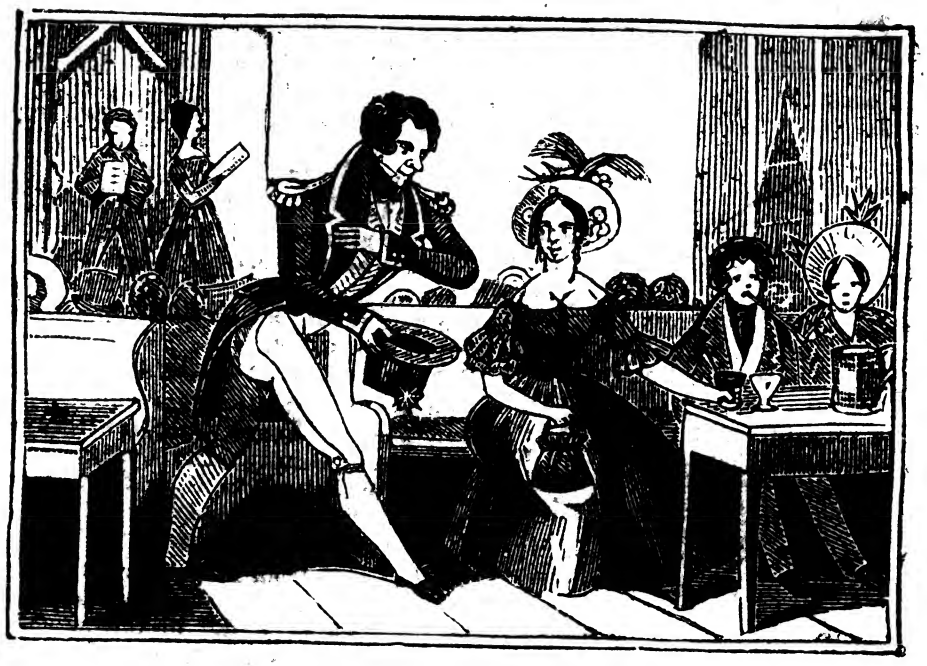
THE COMIC MINSTREL



Independence Day, sung by *Mrs. Barney Williams.*

Bobbing around
Polly won't you try me, oh!
My Mary Anne
Many changes have I seen
Jaunting Car
May God defend the Right
Simmonds, the bellower
Standard of England
With all thy faults I love thee still
Four-leaved Shamrock
Where is the Rover
The Fisher Boat
My own dear home
Dear Native Isle

Do you really think she did?
Nelly Bly
Going home with the milk in the morning
The Moon is up
Mary May
Le depart pour la Syrie
What will they say in England
Old Folks at home
Softly blow ye balmy gales
Can I e'er forget the valley
Very identical cat
Broken-hearted Gardener
Land of the West
Hail to thee, Tyrol

Good Rhine Wine
Look always on the sunny side
Peace
A bleising on the outward bound
The Veteran
Gipsey Girl
Why hime those bells so merrily
The Wooden Watch
Cheer up, Sam
Kobbers of the Glen
Jim along Josey
Irish Molly
Mother is the battle over
How sweet it is to love

Ryle and Co., Printers, 2 and 3, Monmouth Court, Bloomsbury.

HAIL TO THEE, TYROL!

Hail to thee, Tyrol! dear native Tyrol!
Land of the gallant, the brave, and the free;
Oft have I wandered, oft have I pondered (thee.
There is no country that's equal to
Thy sons are courageous, thy daughters are fair, (air,
They're fleet as the stag, as free as the
While the bright sun of liberty beams in each eye, (the scene.
And the sword glitters bright o'er
Hail to thee, Tyrol, &c.

Oft by the fountain, high on the mountain, (strain,
Fondly I've listen'd to hear the wild
Nightingales singing, village bells ringing, (plain;
Peasants retiring across the green
Matin or vespers I'd welcome with joy,
My happy heart ne'er knew sorrow's alloy, (stroy,
For gaily I'd sing, and no care could de-
The pleasure that reign'd in my breast,
Hail to thee, Tyrol, &c.

MY DEAR NATIVE ISLE.

Dear native Isle, the summer sun is glowing, (lity,
O'er thy wide vales, in calm tranquil-
From thy blue hills the cool fresh breeze is blowing, (berty,
Speaking to the soul of health and li-
Dear native, dear native Isle, (tive Isle.
Dear to me thou'lt ever be, my own na-
Dear native Isle, the days of childhood glided.
In thy calm bosom peacefully away,
There, when the storms of life have abated, (stay,
In safety moor'd my little bark shall
Dear native Isle, dear native Isle,
Dear to me thou'lt ever be, my own native Isle.

MY OWN DEAR HOME.

Wherever I wander, wherever I stray,
I think on my childhood and fond mother's days.
And as by myself I sit pensive alone,
I look back with pleasure on my first dear home.
When grown up to manhood if away you should steer, (
Some thousands of miles from your birth place so dear,
If into great dangers you should happen to roam, (own dear home.
You will think with a smile on your
If you're blest with a wife, in affliction you'll find, (kind,
A nurse and a parent both tender and
Who fondly will cherish you and weep while you moan, (own dear home.
There is no place on earth like your
The scripture says if you'll be happy through life, (your wife,
Leave father and mother and cleave to
She will never forsake thee, and leave thee alone, (dear home.
But welcome thee kindly to thy own
And if amongst strangers you should happen to go, (with woe,
In broils and in tumults overwhelmed
Thou would'st say to thyself, what induced me to roam, (home.
Or to ramble away from my own dear
When a man from his labour returns in the eve, (soon leave
To them whom he did in the morning
His wife and his children flock round him alone, (dear home.
And welcome him kindly to his own
There he sits down in comfort by his own fireside, (nied,
Has what he desires, there's nothing de-
He hears the winds whistle while he sits alone, (home.
And finds every pleasure in his own dear
His children hang round him then so merrily, (knee,
One clings to his arms, one creeps to his
Bereft of all sorrow with his children alone, (dear home,
He finds no place so pleasant as his own
And when his last hour in this world arrives, (and dies,
He blesses his babes and his partner

White PN970.E5 COMIMX

Then his wife and children in sorrow will roam,
To see him conveyed safe to his last (home.

THE FISHER BOAT.

No reefer struts upon the deck,
No boatswain pipes her crew,
Whose rough and tarry jackets
Are as often brown as blue.
Her sails are torn, her timbers worn,
She's but a crazy craft,
Yet luck betides her in the gale,
And plenty crowns her draught.

Let but a foe insult the land,
That holds their cottage home,
And English hearts will spring from out
The merry little foam.
What ho! what ho! away they go,
The moon is high and bright,
God speed the little Fisher Boat,
And grant a starry night.

No pennant flutters at her mast,
No port-holes range her side.
A dusky speck she takes her place
Upon the midnight tide.
While gaily sings some happy boy,
A life upon the sea,
With jolly mates, a whiskey can,
And trusty nets for me.

But many an hour of fearful risk
She meets upon the wave,
That ships of stout and giant form
Would scarcely dare to brave.
And many a one with trembling hand,
Will trim the Beacon light,
And may God speed the Fisher Boat,
Upon a stormy night.

We proudly land the daring ones,
Who cross the pathless main,
The shining gems, and yellow dust
Of other climes to gain.
We honour those whose blood is with
The mingled waters found,
Who fight till death, to guard the cliffs,
Whose waters circle round.

'Tis well; but let us not forget
The poor and gallant set,
Who toil and watch when others sleep,
To cast the heavy net.

Their perils are not paid by fame,
To trim the beacon light,
And may God speed the Fisher Boat,
And grant a starry night.

WHERE IS THE ROVER.

Where, where is the rover?
Where, ah where is he gone?
I have sought him over the mountain,
I have sought him through the storm,
I have wandered through the valley,
No voice replies to me,
Where, where is the rover,
Where can the rover be?

Still, still I love him,
My passion proud to own,
I live but to cherish
The love I'll ne'er disown.
I'll seek him in the valley,
Tho' dark the tempest be.
Where, where is the rover,
Where can the rover be?

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock
In all the fairy dells;
And if I find the charmed leaves,
Oh, how I'll weave my spells!
I would not waste my magic might
On diamond, pearl, or gold;
For treasure tires the weary sense,—
Such triumph is but cold.
But I would play the enchanter's part,
In casting bliss around;
Oh, not a tear, nor aching heart,
Should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honour,
I'd dry the mourner's tears;
And to the pallid lip recall
The smile of happier years;
And hearts that had been long estrang'd
And friends that had grown cold,
Should meet again like parted streams,
And mingle as of old.
Oh, thus I'd play, &c.

The heart that had been mourning
O'er vanished dreams of love,
Should see them all returning,
Like Noah's faithful dove;

And hope should launch her blessed bark
On sorrow's darkening sea,
And misery's children have an ark,
And saved from sinking be.
Oh, thus I'd play, &c.

WITH ALL THY FAULTS, I LOVE THEE STILL.

I love thee still, with all thy faults,
Ah! why that trembling voice,
Thy lover still will thee exalt
And make thy heart rejoice.
Years have roll'd on since last we met,
With all the slanderer's skill;
My beating heart can ne'er forget
With all thy faults, I love thee still.

I love thee still, tho' friends may tell,
That we shall ne'er agree,
There's nought on earth can break the spell
That binds my soul to thee;
Years may roll on ere next we meet,
With all the slanderer's skill,
My once lov'd heart must still repeat,
With all thy faults I love thee still.

I love thee still, 'bove all on earth,
I'm constant yet to thee,
And whilst I've breath I'll speak thy worth,
Thy name is dear to me;
And when on dying couch I'm laid,
This, this shall be my will,
Search far and near, and tell the maid,
With all her faults, I lov'd her still.

THE LAND OF THE WEST.

Oh, come to the West, love, oh come there with me,
'Ti a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea;
Wh re fair plenty smiles from her emerald throne, (thee my own.
Oh, come to the West, and I'll make
I'll guard thee, I'll tend thee, I'll love thee the best,
And you'll say there's no land like the land of the West.

The South has its roses, and bright skies of blue,
But ours are more sweet with love's own changeful hue;
Half sunshine, half tears, like the girl I love best, (West!
Oh, what is the South to the beautiful
Then come there with me, and the rose on thy mouth,
Will be sweeter to me than the flowers of the South.

The North has its snow-tow'rs of dazzling array, (setting day,
All sparkling with gems in the ne'er-
There the storm-king may dwell in the halls he loves best,
But the soft-breathing Zephyr he plays in the West,
Then come to the West, where no cold wind doth blow,
And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow.

The sun in the golden East chaseth the night, (and might;
When he riseth, refresh'd in his glory
But where doth he go, when he seeks his sweet rest, (West;
Oh, doth he not haste to the beautiful
Then come there with me, 'tis the land I love best,
'Tis the land of my sires—'tis my own darling West!

BROKEN-HEARTED GARDENER.

She's my myrtle, my geranium,
My sun-flower, my sweet majorum,
My honeysuckle, my tulip, my violet,
My holyhock, my dahlia, my mignionette,
Oh! oh! she's a fickle wild rose—
A damask, a cabbage, a young china rose.

We've grown up together like two apple trees, (sweet peas,
nd clung to each other like double
Now they are going to trim her, and plant her in a pot,
And I am left to wither, neglected and forgot. Oh, oh, &c.

She's my snow-drop, my ranunculus,
My hyacinth, my gilliflower, my polyanthus,
My heart-ease, my pink, my water lily,
My buttercup, my daisy, my daffodowndilly;
Oh, oh! she's a fickle wild rose,
What a fool I am, to love you, you fickle wild rose.

I'm like a scarlet runner that has lost its stick,
Or a cherry that's left for the dickey birds to pick,
Like a watering pot I weep, like a paviour I sigh,
Like a mushroom I'll wither, like a cucumber I'll die.
Oh, ho, &c.

I'm like a humble bee that does'nt know where to settle,
And she's a dandelion, and a stinging nettle, (chickweed,
My heart is like a beet-root choked with
And my head's like a pumkin running to seed. Oh, oh, &c.

I've a great mind to make myself a felode-see, (of a tree,
And finish all my woes on the branch
But I won't, for I know at my kicking you'd roar,
And honour my death with a double encore,
Oh, oh, who would suppose,
I suffer so much for a fickle wild rose.

THE IDENTICAL CAT.

I'll try my endeavours to please you all pat,
When I tell you about a curious cat—
Talk about one that Whittington had,
To compare it with this you'd be worser than mad.
She'd go in and kill, in not many hours,
About such a thing as a million of rats,
You may think it a lie—it's a fact, by the powers,
So I mean for to call her the queen of the cats. Rum ti, &c.

'Twas my grandfather's father's great grandmother rear'd it—
Her cat it had kittens, a thousand or more— (spar'd it,
She drowned the lot, only this one she
And while ever she kept it she never was poor.
When a kitten 'twould turn to, and do all the washing,
Empty the slops, do the ironing pat,
And she'd darn all the family's old worsted stockings,
And this is the very identical cat.
Rum ti, &c.

This cat has been living near five hundred years,
And to see her there's money been paid in galore,
If I keep her six weeks that will drown all my cares,
For I think I shall make twenty thousand or more.
I s'pose you remember that very oda story, (turn'd rat—
About puss in boots, when the giant
She caught him and kill'd him, she was in her glory,
And this is the very identical cat.
Rum ti, &c.

She can dance out-and-out, besides she can smoke, (excel,
I'm sure there's no other one can her
She plays 'Tullochgorum,' also 'Johnny Cope,'
Upon the piano exceedingly well.
I dare say you never see her go singing,
To notice how fine she goes round with her hat—
I'm sure she can set all the concert rooms ringing,
And this is the very identical cat.
Rum ti, &c.

You've heard of Dame Trot and her comical cat,
And I dare say you all thought that never was true,
And not the least doubt but you'd call me a flat,
If I told you more wonders that this one could do.

T'other night she went to a professional benefit, (est eclat,
Her singing went down with the great-
And six people died while laughing at her they sat—
And this is the very identical cat.
Rum ti, &c.

I'm going to unfathom a regular secret,
Nobody knows it but puss and myself—
And now to disclose it, it is no use to keep it, (any pelf.
For I find that with it I can't make
What fools folks must be to think that Jack Thingame,
Escap'd out of quod, as in irons he sat,
Till a nail, and a file, and things come down the chimney,
Sent down by this very identical cat.
Rum ti, &c.

Her artfulness it is beyond competition,
She caught of large rats, let me see, twenty score, (condition,
And she sav'd their lives only on one
That in Newgate they'd gnaw a large hole in each door.
They set to a gnawing, and soon got 'em shap'd, (warn't fat—
Large enough to let any man out that
And that's just the way that Jack Sheppard escap'd, (tical cat.
And 'twas all through this very iden-
Rum ti, &c.

Now I've made up my mind, when I've made enough money,
To take her to Dover, and then off to France, (or Honey,
Where I know she'll cut out either Grisi
For I mean her to sing as well as to dance.
I've not told you all that I know of this animal, (more pat,
But some other night I will tell you
Tales that will run through your veins just like calomel,
Concerning this very identical cat.
Ri tum, &c.

CAN I E'ER FORGET THE VALLEY.

Can I e'er forget the valley,
On the gently rippling rill,
Whose unwearied waters wander'd
Through my good old father's mill.
When oft in sunny childhood
The limpid brook I'd leap,
Or roam at will the wild wood,
Or climb the craggy steep.
Can I e'er, &c.

Can I e'er forget the valley,
Or those friends in mem'ry dear,
Who at eventide surrounded,
The easy elbow chair.
The groups of happy faces,
In fancy still I see,
But, ah, their vacant places
Alone remain for me,
Can I e'er, &c.

Can I e'er forget the valley,
Or the ivy mantled pile,
Where those much lov'd forms now moulder,
Within it's sacred aisle.
Though fortune's choicest treasure
Be mine where'er I roam,
Can that restore the pleasure
Of childhood's happy home.
Can I e'er &c.

SOFTLY BLOW, YE BALMY GALES.

Softly blow, ye balmy gales,
And gently waft her o'er,
That she may dwell in love and peace,
On Arab's spicy shore.
Softly blow, &c.

A troop of loves keep constant watch,
That none may harm the fair—
Venus attends to guide the barque,
And perfume all the air.
A troop, &c.

Do you really think she did?

I WAITED till twilight, and yet she did not come,
I roam'd along the brookside, and slowly wandered home,
When who should come behind me, but her I should have chid,
She said she came to meet me, do you really think she did?

Do you really, really think she did
She said she came to meet me,
Do you really think she did?

She said when first she saw me, life seem'd to her divine,
Each night she dreamt of angels, and every face was mine.
Sometimes a voice in sleeping, would all her hopes forbid,
And then she'd waken weeping, do really think she did?

Do you really, really think she did
She said she waken'd weeping,
Do you really think she did?

She said since last we parted, she thought of naught so sweet
As of this very moment, the time that we should meet.
She show'd were half a cottage homely she had shaded
She said for me she made it. Do you really think she did?

Do you really, really think she did
She said for me she made it,
Do really think she did?

The Moon is up.

THE moon is up and in the sky,
The stars are shining bright,
And every breeze that murmurs by,
Seems whispering with delight.
Then lover, roam with me afar,
And listen to my sweet guitar.

The waters on the lake are clear,
And there the moonbeams play,
My little bark is waiting here,
To bear thee, love, away
Then lover, roam

Hark, hark! the gentle birds of night,
Warble their plaintive song,
And swiftly o'er the water bright,
They seem to float along.
Then lover, roam,

Going home with the milk in the morning.

GRIEVING'S a folly,
I hate melancholy,
For mirth is the best thing on earth I can find,
Let them say what they will,
Still my goblet I'll fill,
And water as drink will be scorning
The headache and pains I all do defy
This better, believe me, to laugh than to cry.
Step out on the spree.
That's the motto for me,
And come in with the milk in the morning.

Some people say
From the glass keep away,
They are not to be thought of the ignorant elves!
I like to go out,
And wander about,
And stop with my friends till the dawning.
Sometimes I get more than my head can well bear, (must to shame
When some friend I meet my enjoy-
I don't care a pin
For the rows I get in,
But reel home with the milk in the morning.

Brown's an excellent fellow,
And likes to get mellow,
Stops out on the spree never heeding the end,
Although he is single,
With us he can't mingle,
For his landlady's given him warning;
Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown, this conduct won't do, (to sit up for you:
Here night after night I'm obliged
You sha'nt have the key,
You beast, I assure you, from me
To come home with the milk in the morning.

To see the sun rising,
Is a sight most surprising,
As it's tipping with gold every red chimney pot,
Like the hue on the cheek,
Of the maiden we seek,
And the light of your eyes on it dawning;
To see the small sparrows in quiet paths meet,
Hopping hither and thither their breakfasts to get;
It's a beautiful sight,
Which your eyes must delight,
Coming home with the milk in the morning.

There's little fat Biggs,
He'd been running his rigs,
And had had many skirmishes with the police,
And often his eyes,
You sure would surmise,
A circle of black was adorning.
At last Johnny Briggs got a week at the mill, (nice little pill,
Which proved to poor John such a
He swore ne'er again
After twelve he'd remain,
To come home with the milk in the morning.

But I hope you don't think,
That I'm given to drink,
For that on my part a folly would be
So mind my example,
And on it don't trample,
But take from my moral a warning
There's no harm in your grog or beer with a Friend,
But shun dissipation, or look to the end,
For 'twould suit me to tell,
That a blank workhouse shell,
Took you home with the milk in the morning.

Nelly Bly.

NELLY Bly, Nelly Bly, fetch de broom along,
We'll sweep the kitchen clean my dear, an hab a little song
Poke de wood, my lady lub, an' make de fire burn,
An' while I take de banjo down, just gib de mush a turn.

Heigh! Nelly, do! Nelly, listen lub to me,
I'll sing to you, play for you, a dulcem melody.

Nelly Bly hab a voice like de turtle dove,
I hears it in de meadow, and I hears it in de grove;
Nelly Bly had a heart warm as cup ob tea,
An' bigger dan de sweet potatoe down in Tennesse.
Heigh! Nelly, &c.

Nelly Bly shuts her eye when she goes to sleep,
An' when she wakens up again, her eye balls gin to peep;
De way she walks she lifts her foot, an' den she brings it down.
An' when it lights, der's music dah, in dat part ob de town.
Heigh! Nelly, &c.

Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly, nebber nebber sigh,
Nebber bring de tear-drop to de corner ob your eye,
For de pie is made ob pumkins, and de mush is made ob corn,
An' der's corn an' pumkins plenty, lub, a lying in de barn.
Heigh! Nelly, &c

The good Rhine Wine.

POUR out the Rhine let it flow,
Like a free and bounding river
Till sadness sinks and every woe,
Lies drown'd beneath its waves for ever.
For naught can cheer the hearts that pine,
Like a deep deep draught of the good Rhine wine.
Like a deep, &c.

Pour out the Rhine wine ever more
Let the goblet ne'er be tiring;
The Poet's song and the Sage's lore
And the Patriot's lofty soul inspiring;
For an hff'ring meet at Freedem's shrine,
Is a deep deep draught of the good Rhine wine.
Like a deep, &c,

Pour out the Rhine wine when each hand
Doth grasp a brimming measure.
The pledge shall be 'our Fatherland
And Freedom, Friendship, Love and Pleasure.
Then hurrah for the land of the purple vine,
And a deep doep draught of the good Rhine wine.
And a deep, &c.

Peace!

Recitative.

MOURN, mourn, ye conquering nations mourn for the fallen brave,
Who in countless numbers moulder in the cold and shroudless grave.
Oh, who can count the eyes that weep the breaking hearts that mourn
For the ties so newly broken by wars tempestuous storm?
The mother o'er her cradled child despairing weeps alone
For the husband and the father from her side so rudely torn:
The peasant and his children's sons shall point for many a day
To the spot where maugled thousands 'neath the sod unshriven lay.
From their graves at midnight's solemn hour, a phantom host shall steal,
And for vengeance on a tyrant to Heaven shall appeal.
Hark! hark! a loud exulting shout it's power doth still increase;
One sound alone, in its mighty tone, Is heard, that sound is, Peace!

Air.

Now let the thund'ring cannons roar
Let glory's clarion ring;
And echo waft from shore to shore
The song of peace we sing.
Oft hovering o'er the ensanguined field,
Was pity---fair eyed maid,
With mercy's interposing shield
On the weaker side array'd.
Then let the, &c.

Thrice arm'd in proof is he who fights
In a quarrel right and just;
And victory on his arm alights
Who in Heaven puts his trust.
Once more upon the trampled field
Shall wave the golden grain,
And smiling nature kindly yield
Her bounteous gifts again.
Then let the, &c.

St. George for England! shout we then
St, Denis! for brave France,
Who to save the sinking Moslem,
Their standards did advance;
While brave Sardinia's gallant king
In many a stubborn fight,
To the good cause did assistance bring.
Then let the, &c.

The Veteran.

'TWAS on a Sabbath morn,
The bells had chim'd for church
The young and gay were gathering
Around the rustic porch

There came an aged man,
In a soldier's garb was he,
And gazing on the group, he cried
Do none remember me.

The Veteran forgot
His friends were changed or gone
The manly forms around him there
As children he had known.
He pointed to the spot
Where his dwelling used to be,
Then looking round, & smiling said
You now remember me.

Alas! none knew him there,—
He pointed to a stone (traced,
On which the name he breath'd was
A name to them unknown.
And then the old man wept:
I'm friendless now cried he—
Where I had many friends in youth
Not one remembers me.

The old man's heart seem'd broke,
Said he, is this my home?
I hop'd with friends to end my days
Alas! that hope has flown.
He clasp'd the moss-grown tomb,
Thou art welcome, death, said he
Forgotten now by all on earth,
Oh! God remember me.

The Wooden Watch, or the time o' day

A STRANGER once in Worcestershire,
And the gentleman he profess'd,
He liv'd by taking people in,
And was so nicely dressed.
To the parlour of an inn he walk'd,
Where Farmers had met all,
And with a very noble air,
For his dinner loud did bawl.
Tol fol de dol, &c.

He then began his business,
For swindling was his game,
He had, sirs, hanging round his neck
A massive fine gold chain.
He sat, sirs, in a large arm chair,
And being precious deep,
Stretch'd out his legs, threw back his legs,
And gammon'd to fall asleep.

A Farmer said, there be a swell.
I tell 'e what, said he,
I do not think he's got a watch,
I wish some one would see.
The stranger friend was in the room
By him 'twas understood,
And the action suiting to the word
Pull'd out a piece of wood.

The cue was given, the stranger woke
And asked what he'd to pay,
A Farmer said, will 'e be so kind sir,
Tell us the time 'o day.
Said he, I would sir, if I could,
I last night went out to sup,
So took an extra glass too much,
And my watch did not wind up.

Just so, said a farmer,
Who in a word would chime,
'Twould puzzle thee to wind it up
Just at the present time.
The farmers all did laugh outright,
The stranger he did stare,
Said he, perhaps you've play'd some trick,
Oh, no, my watch I find is here.

A farmer said as he stood up
'Tis true as I'm alive,
That thee does not possess a watch,
Of pound I'll bet 'e five.
The farmers each put down five pounds,
The stranger made it good,
And from his waistcoat pocket pulled
The self same piece of wood.

Against him then there was a laugh
How they did him deride,
But the laugh as I shall quickly show
Was on the other side.
To this piece of wood there was a spring,
The stranger did it touch,
The lid flew up, and he took out
A beautiful gold watch.

Of course they all chop fallen were
And looked so precious glum,
The news soon went about the town
How nicely they'd been done.
About thirty pounds the farmers lost,
Which of course they had to pay
And the little boys call after them
I say, Farmer, what be the time 'o day.

Mother is the Battle o'er.

MOTHER is the battle o'er?
Thousands have been slain they say,
Is my Father coming?—tell me,
Has the English gained the day?
Is he well, or is he wounded?
Mother, do you think he's slain?
If you know, I pray you tell me,
Will my Father come again?

Mother dear, you're always sighing
Since you last the papers read,
Tell me, why you now are crying,
Why that cap is on your head?
Ah!—I see you cannot tell me,
Father's one among the slain,
Although he loved us very dearly,
He will never come again.

Yes, my boy, your noble Father
Is one number'd with the slain,
We shall not see him more on Earth,
But in Heaven we'll meet again.
He died for Old England's glory,
Our day may not be far between,
But I hope at the last moment
That we all shall meet again.

Cheer up, Sam!

I once did love a colour'd girl,
I thought that she loved me,
She was a bright eyed yaller gal,
As ebber you did see:
But she has proved unconstant,
And left me here to tell—
The sorrows dat my heart bewails,
For deceitful Sarah Bell.

Cheer up, Sam, don't let your spirits go down,
There's many a gal dat you know well,
Looking for you in the town.

I had not much to give her,
And what I had I gave,
For wealth and riches don't belong
To one dat is a slave;
De white man came with dollars,
She went with him to dwell,
And broke the vows she made to me
Deceitful Sarah Bell.

Yes! all the while working,
And cutting down the corn,
Oh! I often sigh within me,
And wish I ne'er was born.
Perhaps she's gay and happy,
Wherever she may dwell,
While this poor heart is breaking,
For deceitful Sarah Bell.

The Gipsey Girl.

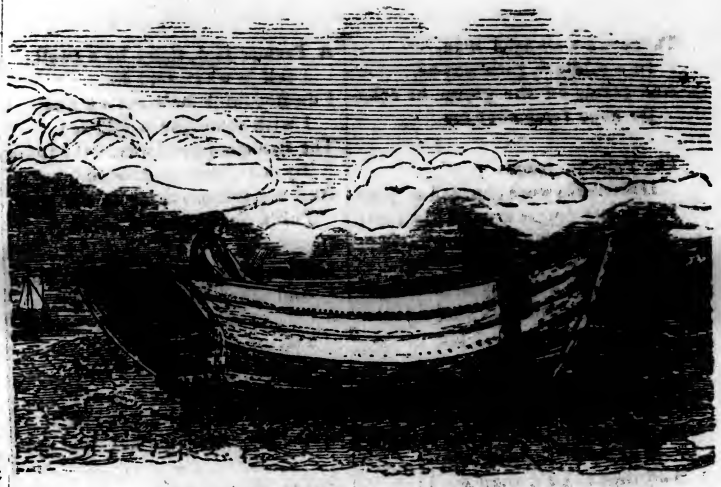
THEY wiled me from my greenwood home,
They won me from the tent,
And slightingly they spake of scenes
Where my young days were spent.
They dazzled me with halls of light
But tears would sometimes start;
They said 'twas but to charm the eye
And they might win the heart.

They little knew what ties of love
Had bound me to their spell,
The greenwood was my happiest home
And there I longed to dwell.
They gave me gems to bind my hair
I longed the while for flowers
Fresh gather'd by my gipsey freres,
From nature's wildest bowers.

They gave me books,—I lov'd alone
To read the starry skies;
They taught me songs,—the songs I loved,
Were nature's melodies.
I never heard a captive bird,
But, panting to be free,
I longed to burst his prison door,
And share his liberty.

Twas kindly meant, & kindly hearts
Were theirs who had me rown
From nature, and her forests free
To share the City's home:
The woods are green, the hedges white,
With leaves and blossoms fair,
There's music in the forest now,
And I too must be there.

O do not chide the Gipsey Girl,
O call me not unkind,
I ne'er shall meet so dear a friend
As her I leave behind;
Yet I must to the greenwood
My heart has long been there,
And nothing but the greenwood now
Can save me from despair.



A blessing on the outward bound.

A BLESSING on the outward bound,
Wherever they may go,
From hills and dales their father's own'd
Or cottage poor and low.
Tis no slight thing to part from home
Whate'er that home may be;
To trust a doubtful future, on
The wild and stormy sea.
But while the tide of life rolls on,
The mighty stream must flow;
Then blessings on the outward bound
Wherever they may go.

A blessing on the outward bound;
The noble and the true,
Who've wrestled long with poverty
Which they shall conquer too.
The earth was made for man to share
And worthy it are they.
Those brave and bold adventurers,
Our proud ships bear away;
To freedom and to sunny lands,
Still may the breezes blow,
May God protect the outward bound
Wherever they may go.

Why chime those Bells so merrily.

WHY chime the bells so merrily,
why seem ye all so gay?
Is it because the new year's come,
and the old has pass'd away?
Oh, can you look upon the past and
see no sorrow now,
That thus ye sing so joyously and
smiles light every brow,
Oh, if ye can be blithe and gay, the
song troll gaily on,
And the burthen be, the new year's
come, and the old year's gone
And the burthen, &c.

The old man gazes on the mirth, he
smiles not like the rest,
He sits in silence by the hearth and
seems with grief oppress'd;
He sees not in the merry throng the
child who was his pride,
He listens for the joyous song, she
is not by his side,
But scarce a twelvemonth she was
there and now he is alone,
Yet still ye sing the new year's come,
and the old year's gone.
Yet still ye sing, &c.

Dance on, dance on, be blithe and gay
nor pause to think the while,
That ere this year has passed away
ye too may cease to smile,
For Time in his resistless flight brings
changes sad and drear,
The many hopes of youth, so blithe,
with every coming year:
But still be happy while we may, and
let the dance go on,
Still gaily sing the new year's come
and the old has gone.
Still gaily sing, &c.

IRISH MOLLY, O.

As I walk'd out one morning all in the
month of May,
I met a pretty Irish girl, and thus to
her did say,
I put my hand into my pocket, as it
happen'd so, (Molly, O!
And pull'd out a guinea to treat my

CHORUS.

She is young, she is beautiful, she is the
fairest one I know, (guinea go,
The primrose of Ireland before my
And the only one that entices me is my
Irish Molly, O!

I said, my pretty fair maid, will you go
along with me, (country.
I will show you a straight way across the
My parents would be angry if they should
come to know, (laddie, O!
They will lay all the blame to my Scotch
When Molly's own father he came for
to know, (laddie, O!
That she'd been courted by a Scotch
He sent for young Mc. Donald, and
these words to him him did say,
If you will court my daughter Mary, I
will send you far away.

Since Molly has deceived me, all by her
father's ways,
Through some lone woods and valleys,
it's there I will spend my days,
Like some poor forlorn pilgrim, I will
wander to and fro,
It's all for the sake of my Irish Molly,
O!

There is a rose in Dublin, I thought she
would be mine, (will incline,
For to come to my funeral, I hope she
My body shall be ready by the dawning
of the day, (Irish maid.
It is all for the sake of my bonny
When that I'm buried there is one thing
more I crave, (of my grave,
To lay a marble tombstone at the head
And on this marble tombstone a prayer
shall be said,
That young Mc. Donald lies here for
his bonny Irish maid.

Come all you pretty fair maids, a warn-
ing take by me, (any tree,
And never build a nest at the top of
For the green leaves will wither and the
root it will decay, (fade away.
And the beauty of a fair maid will soon

JIM ALONG JOSEY.

Oh I'se from Lusiana, as you must all
know, (go—
Dar's where Jim along Josey's all de
Dem nigger all rise when de bell does
ring,
And dis am de song dat dey do sing.
Hey get along, get along Josey,
Hey get along, Jim along Joe—
Hey get along, get along Joe,
Hey get along, Jim along Joe.

Once old Jim Crow was dare all de go,
'Till he found him rival in Jim along
Joe,
Now poor old Jim, dey hab put him to
bed, (stead,
And Jim along Josey hab come in his
Hey get along, Josey, &c.
Oh, when I get dat new coat I expects
to hab soon, (saloon;
Likewise de new pair tight kneed Trou-
I'll walk up and down Bond Street wid
my Susanna, (nah.
And in my mout I smoke de real Haban-
Hey get along, &c.

My sissa Rosa de oder night did dream,
Dat she was floating up and down de
stream,
And when she woke she did begin to cry
Oh! de white cat pick'd out de black
cat's eye. Hey get along, &c.

Now away down south, not berry far off,
De bull frog died wid de hooping cough,
And t'other side de Mississipi, as you
must know, (along Joe.
Dare was where dey christen me Jim
Hey get along, &c.

Dem New York nigger tink dey're so
fine, (nuine
Because dey drink noting but de ge-
But de poor Kentuck nigger when der
day gone by,

Yet all the while working,
And cutting down the corn,
Oh! I often sigh within me,
And wish I ne'er was born.
Perhaps she's gay and happy,
Wherever she may dwell,
While this poor heart is breaking,
For deceitful Sarah Bell.

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They won me from the tent,
And slightingly they spake of scenes
Where my young days were spent.
They dazzled me with halls of light
But tears would sometimes start;
They said 'twas but to charm the eye
And they might win the heart.

They little knew what ties of love
Had bound me to their spell,
The greenwood was my happiest home
And there I longed to dwell.
They gave me gems to bind my hair
I longed the while for flowers
Fresh gather'd by my gipsey freres,
From nature's wildest bowers.

They gave me books,—I lov'd alone
To read the starry skies;
They taught me songs,—the songs I loved,
Were nature's melodies.
I never heard a captive bird,
But, panting to be free,
I longed to burst his prison door,
And share his liberty.

Twas kindly meant, & kindly hearts
Were theirs who had me room
From nature, and her forests free
To share the City's home:
The woods are green, the hedges white,
With leaves and blossoms fair,
There's music in the forest now,
And I too must be there.

O do not chide the Gipsey Girl,
O call me not unkind,
I ne'er shall meet so dear a friend
As her I leave behind;
Yet I must to the greenwood
My heart has long been there,
And nothing but the greenwood now
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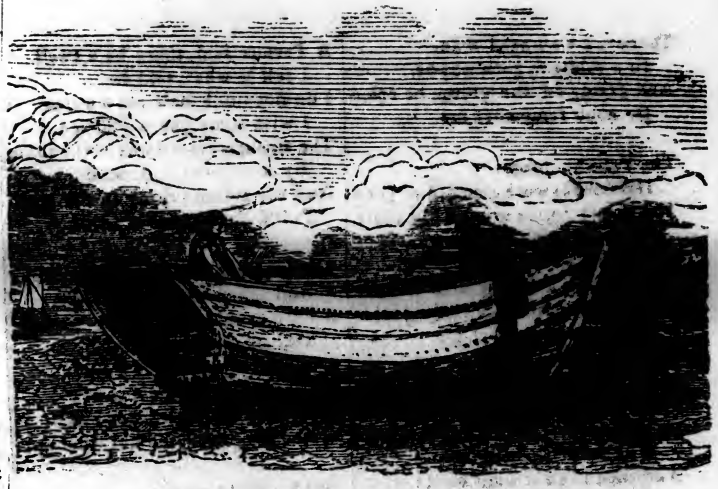

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Or cottage poor and low.
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and the old has pass'd away?
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That thus ye sing so joyously and
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Oh, if ye can be blithe and gay, the
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He sees not in the merry throng the
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Dance on, dance on, be blithe and gay
nor pause to think the while,
That ere this year has passed away
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For Time in his resistless flight brings
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The many hopes of youth, so blithe,
with every coming year:
But still be happy while we may, and
let the dance go on,
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I put my hand into my pocket, as it
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And pull'd out a guinea to treat my

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fairest one I know, (guinea go,
The primrose of Ireland before my
And the only one that entices me is my
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I will show you a straight way across the
My parents would be angry if they should
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They will lay all the blame to my Scotch
When Molly's own father he came for
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That she'd been courted by a Scotch
He sent for young Mc. Donald, and
these words to him him did say,
If you will court my daughter Mary, I
will send you far away.

Since Molly has deceived me, all by her
father's ways,
Through some lone woods and valleys,
it's there I will spend my days,
Like some poor forlorn pilgrim, I will
wander to and fro,
It's all for the sake of my Irish Molly,
O!

There is a rose in Dublin, I thought she
would be mine, (will incline,
For to come to my funeral, I hope she
My body shall be ready by the dawning
of the day, (Irish maid.
It is all for the sake of my bonny
When that I'm buried there is one thing
more I crave, (of my grave,
To lay a marble tombstone at the head
And on this marble tombstone a prayer
shall be said,
That young Mc. Donald lies here for
his bonny Irish maid.

Come all you pretty fair maids, a warn-
ing take by me, (any tree,
And never build a nest at the top of
For the green leaves will wither and the
root it will decay, (fade away.
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JIM ALONG JOSEY.

Oh I'se from Lusiana, as you must all
know, (go—
Dar's where Jim along Josey's all de
Dem nigger all rise when de bell does
ring,
And dis am de song dat dey do sing.
Hey get along, get along Josey,
Hey get along, Jim along Joe—
Hey get along, get along Joe,
Hey get along, Jim along Joe.

Once old Jim Crow was dare all de go,
'Till he found him rival in Jim along
Joe,
Now poor old Jim, dey hab put him to
bed, (stead,
And Jim along Josey hab come in his
Hey get along, Josey, &c.
Oh, when I get dat new coat I expects
to hab soon, (saloon;
Likewise de new pair tight kneed Trou-
I'll walk up and down Bond Street wid
my Susanna, (nah.
And in my mout I smoke de real Haban-
Hey get along, &c.

My sissa Rosa de oder night did dream,
Dat she was floating up and down de
stream,
And when she woke she did begin to cry
Oh! de white cat pick'd out de black
cat's eye. Hey get along, &c.

Now away down south, not berry far off,
De bull frog died wid de hooping cough,
And t'other side de Mississipi, as you
must know, (along Joe.
Dare was where dey christen me Jim
Hey get along, &c.

Dem New York nigger tink dey're so
fine, (nuine
Because dey drink noting but de ge-
But de poor Kentuck nigger when der
day gone by,

Dey sarve dem like an old horse, kick'd out to die,
Hey get along, &c.

Oh, I,m de bold nigger dat don't mind my troubles,
Because they're noting more dan bubbles,
De ambition dat such nigger feels,
Is showing de science of him heels.
Hey get along, &c.

De best president we eber had was General Washington,
And de one we've got now, is Massa Van Buren;
But although the old General's long gone dead,
Long's de country stands, him name shall float ahead.
Hey get along, &c.

THE ROBBERS OF THE GLEN.

Stand! stranger! stand! your jewels give;
Your gold we must obtain,
It's useless with your fate to strive,
Resistance is in vain.
Behold my band of mountaineers,
All tried and hardy men,
At care they laugh, nor danger fear—
The robbers of the glen.

Thus forth we steal, in still midnight,
Like owls we shun the day,
When the tell-tale moon has hid her light,
Then we secure our prey;
No blood is shed on no pretence,
While I command my men;
Nor violence used, save self defence,
By the robbers of the glen.

When at the festive board we meet,
I with my men am gay,
While they my welcome loudly greet,
My heart's to grief a prey.
When ruby wine inflames the scene,
And each are happy then,
I curse the hour I first became
A robber of the glen.

For fate my prospects darkened o'er;
I once had wealth and fame,
My wealth, alas! it is no more,
And friendship's but a name.
Yon stately castle, here below,
With all its wide domain,
It once was mine! what am I now?
A robber of the glen.

Through dice, my wealth and fame is lost,
My friend was once my pride,
He, like a traitor, played me false,
Alas! seduced my bride.
I sought him, and he would have fled,
We fought, and he was slain;
Since that hour the life I've led,
Is a robber of the glen.

Fill, fill, the soul-enlivening glass,
Avaunt, dull care, begone,
No more I'll dwell o'er scenes that's past,
With sorrow now I've done.
Come, give song, the toast, the glee,
Come, shout, my merry men,
Give loud huzzas with three times three
For the robbers of the glen.

HOW SWEET IT IS TO LOVE.

Oh, how sweet it is to love,
When the heart is young and light,
Happy moments then are known,
The brightest of the bright.
Guileless are our wishes then,
Our hearts are pure and free,
Our love is true, and fervent as
A mortal's e'er can be.

Daily we look on the world,
Without a thought or care,
And turn unto the one we love,
For all our hopes are there.
Then to our eyes it seems as though
Our life path strewn with flowers,
Would never fade, or rugged prove,
So blissful pass the hours.

Sunny smiles and joyful words
Alone by us are known,
For then upon our love no cloud
Of sorrow has been thrown;
But all around is peaceful joy,
No tear has dimm'd the eye,
And the love that swells our bosoms then,
That love will never die.

13

Le depart pour la Syrie.

The music of this song, which was composed by Queen Hortense, mother of the present Emperor Louis Napoleon, is now the national air of the French Empire. Translated by John Oxenford, Esq.

TO Syria young Dunois will go,
That gallant, handsome knight,
And prays the Virgin to bestow
Her blessing on the fight. (above,"
"Oh! thou who reign'st in heaven
He prayed, "grant this to me—
The fairest maiden let me love,
The bravest warrior be."

He pledges then his knightly word,
His vow writes on the stone,
And following the Count, his lord,
To battle he has gone.
To keep his oath he ever strove,
And sang aloud with glee;
"The fairest maid shall have my love,
And honour mine shall be."

Then said the Count, 'To thee we owe
Our victory, I confess;
Glory on me thou did'st bestow,
I give thee happiness:
My daughter, whom I fondly love,
I gladly give to thee;
She, who is fair all maids above.
Should valour's guerdon be."

They kneel at Mary's altar both,
The maid and gallant knight;
And there with happy heart their troth
Right solemnly they plight.
It was a sight all souls to move,
And all cried joyously—
"Give honour to the brave, and love
Shall beauty's guerdon be."

What'll they say in England

WHAT will they say in England when there the story's told,
Of deeds of might, on Alma's heights done by the brave and bold?
Of Russia proud at noon-tide, humbled ere set of sun,
They'll say, 'twas like old England they'll say, 'twas nobly done
What will they say in England? when hush'd in awe and dread,
Fond hearts thro' all our happy homes think of the mighty dead:
And muse in speechless anguish, of father, brother, son—;
They'll say in dear old England God's holy will be done.

What will they say in England? the matron and the maid,
Whose widow'd wither'd hearts have found the price that each has paid
The gladness that their homes have lost, for all the glory won:
They'll say, in Christian England, God's holy will be done.

What will they say in England? our names by night and day,
Are in their hearts, & on their lips, when they laugh, or weep, or pray
They watch on earth, they plead with heav'n, then forward to the fight
Who droops or fears, when England cheers! & God defends the right

---

Old Folks at home.

WAY down upon the Swanee river,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation
And for the old folks at home.
All the world am sad and dreary
Everywhere I roam,
Oh! Darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

All round the little farm I wander'd
When I was young,
Then many happy days I squander'd
Many the song I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder
Happy was I,
O, take me to my kind old mudder
Dere let me live and die.
All the world, &c

One little hut among the bushes,
One that I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove;
When shall I hear the bees a humming,
All around the comb,
When shall I hear de banjo tumming,
Down by my old home.
All the world, &c.

Look always on the sunny side.

LOOK always on the sunny side—
'Tis wise and better far;
And safer thro' life's cares to glide
Beneath hope's beaming star.
The springs of rosy laughter lie
Close to the well of fears,
Yet why should merry fancy die
Drown'd in a flood of tears?
Look always on the sunny side—
'Tis wise and better far;
And safer thro' life's cares to glide
Beneath hope's beaming star.

Look always on the sunny side—
The guiltless bosom can;
Nor tremble 'neath life's roughest tide
Is not worthy of a man.
Why should the heart with vain regret
Break joys enchanting spell?
Tho' age be come, love lingers yet,
In ev'ry flow'ry dell.
Look always on the sunny side—
'Tis wise and better far;
And safer thro' life's cares to glide
Beneath hope's beaming star.

Look always on the sunny side—
Earth's not forlorn or drear;
Hope, ever be thro' life our guide,
My friends nor shadows fear.
The clouds around the setting sun
Add glory to the skies—

Thus shadows round us darken,
Make brighter days arise—
Look always on the sunny side—
'Tis wise and better far;
And safer thro' life's cares to glide
Beneath hope's beaming star.

Mary May.

(Composed by E. L. Hime.)

THEY have chosen some proud stranger,
Because a lord was he,
And could boast of wealth & riches
A line of high degree!
They have left me here to languish,
To fade and pine away;
They have made the world a desert,
Bereft of Mary May.

When I met her in the valley,
And wander'd by her side,
She told me that she loved me,
And vowed to be my bride.
They have torn the tie asunder,
She now is far away,
They have left me broken hearted,
Bereft of Mary May.

She is happy with a stranger,
While I am left alone,
There's naught remains to cheer me
Since Mary May is gone.
I'll seek some far distant dwelling,
And bear my grief away,
You'll hear that I am dying,
For me, my Mary May.

May God defend the right.

(A new and popular Song.)

OUR country's standard floats above,
The ocean breeze to greet,
And herthunder sleeps in awful calm
Beneath our trampling feet.
But let a foeman fling abroad
The banner of his wrath,
And a moment will awake its roar
To sweep him from our path—
Well may the sailor's heart exult
To view old England's might;
The cry is up, the struggle near,
May God defend the right.

No foreign tyrant ever through
Our wooden bulwarks broke;
No British bosom ever quail'd
Within our walls of oak.
Behold our ships in warlike trim
Careering through the wave,
The hope, the home, the citadel
Of Britain and the brave—
Well may the sailor's heart exult
To view old England's might;
The cry is up, the struggle near,
May God defend the right.

The Standard of England and the Banner of France.

HARK! hark! how the lion is roaring,
List, list, it's the growl of the bear
Above the proud eagle is soaring,
The crescent waves high in the air;
The steed with impatience is neighing
The banner of war is unfurl'd,
The trumpet its hoarse blast is braying,
And threatens the peace of the world.
CHORUS.
Then up with the standard of England,
Let our watchword alone be advanced,
Then up with the standard of England,
And raise the brave banner of France.

It is fearful that life should be wasted
It's dreadful that blood should be shed,
That the horrors of war should be tested,
That ravens and wolves should be fed;
Every mild art of peace have been tried,
Every mild art of peace has been borne,
Mediation has met with false scorn,
Now powder and knife must decide

Then onward by sea and by land,
Since there's no other course to pursue,
Let Old England and France hand-in-hand,
Show the world, now combined, what they'll do;
Let the scabbardless sword meet the light,
Down, down with the tyrant they cry,
It's for honour and justice we fight
Then forward to conquer or die.

The Jaunting Car.

(A very favorite song. S. Lover.)

A FULL and a faithful account I'll sing,
Of the wonderful things that in Ireland are;
And first I would fain to your notice bring,
That magic contrivance a jaunting car.
For it's magic is great, as I'll soon impart,
And nought can compare to it near or far:
Would you find the soft side of a lady's heart,
Just sit by her side on a jaunting car
The lordly brougham, the duc coach,
My lady's chariot, less speedy re,
To make their way to the church they say,
Than a nice little drive in a jaunting car.

The Greeks and the Romans fine cars display'd,
I to history you'll let me go back;
But the wretches, in these it was war they made,
While 'tis love that is made in the jaunting car.
But in love, as in war, you may kill
And if you're inclin'd to proceed so far
Just call him out, and go ride about
A mile and a half in a jaunting car.
Let lovers praise the moon's soft ray
The falling dew, or the rising star,
The streamlet's side at the even-tide
But give me the side of a jaunting car.

Ere Cupid was taught to take tops with art,
Little staggering bob, as most babies are;
Twas the earliest form of a jaunting car.
And the walking gift it can still impart,
To all who to Cupid inclin'd are;
If you'd walk off with a lady's heart
Just take her a drive in a jaunting car.
The cushions, soft as the tale that's told,
The shafts as certain as Cupid's are
The springs go bump, and your heart goes jump,
At the thumping vows on a jaunting car.

Bobbing around.

Sung by Mrs. Barney Williams and Mrs, Florence with great applause.

IN August last on one fine day,
Bobbing around, around, around,
When Josh and I went to make hay
We went bobbing around.

Says Josh to me, let's take a walk,
Bobbing around, around, around,
When we can have a private talk
As we go bobbing around.

We walk'd along to the mountain ridge,
Bobbing around, around, around,
Till we got near Squire Shipshop's bridge,
As we went bobbing around.

Then Josh and I tripp'd o'er the lea
Bobbing around, around, around,
And I kiss'd Josh, and Josh kiss'd me
As we went bobbing around.

Then Josh's courrge no more tarried
Bobbing around, around, around,
Says he, dear Patience, let's get married
Then we'll go bobbing around.

I knew he loved another gal,
Bobbing around, around, around,
They called her long-legg'd, crook-shinn'd curly-tooth'd Sal,
Where he went bobbing around.

So after we got into church,
Bobbing around, around, around,
I ran and left him in the lurch,
Then he went bobbing around.

You chaps who would deceive a gal,
Bobbing around, around, around,
Think of long legg'd, crook-shinn'd curly-tooth'd Sal,
When you go bobbing around.

Polly won't you try me, oh?

Sung by Mrs. Florence.

DOWN in Skytown liv'd a maid,
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?
Churning butter was her trade,
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?
Kemo kimo where? oh, there! my high, my low,
Then in came Sally singing,
Sometimes, medley winkum fingtam nip cat,
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?

She wanted Will for worse or better
Sing song Polly won't you try me oh?
She'd have married, Dad wouldn't let her,
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?
And so she went and got a knife,
Sing song Polly won't you try oh, oh?
She broke her heart and lost her life,
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?
Kemo kimo, &c.

Then Josh he felt his dander risin',
Sing song Polly won't you try me oh?
So she went and swallowed pisin,
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?
The village folks laugh'd in their sleeve,
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?
For Jordan's a hard road to travel I believe,
Sing song Polly won't you try me, oh?
Kemo, kimo, &c.

My Mary Ann.

As sung by Mrs. Barney Williams.

FARE you well, my own Mary Ann!
Fare you well for a while,
For the ship it is ready, and the wind it is fair,
And I am bound for the sea Mary Ann,
And I am bound for the sea, Mary Ann.
Fare you well, &c.

Don't you see that turtle dove,
A sitting on yonder pile,
Lamenting the loss of her own true love—
And so am I for mine Mary Ann
And so am I for mine Mary Ann
Fare you well, &c.

A lobster in a lobster pot,
A blue fish riggling on a hook,
May suffer some, but oh! no not
What I do feel for my Mary Ann
What I do feel for my Mary Ann
Fare you well, &c.

The pride of all our produce rare,
That in our kitchen garden grow'd
Was pumpkins, but none could compare
In angel form to my Mary Ann
In angel form to my Mary Ann;
Fare you well, &c.

Independence Day.

Written and Sung by Mrs. Barney Williams.

SQUEAK the fife, and beat the drum,
For Independence day has come;—
Now let the roasting pig be bled,
And quickly twist that rooster's head.

Squeak the fife, and beat the drum
For Independence day has come.

Quickly run that pewter platter,
And get them dough nuts fried in batter;
Now set the cups and beaker glass
The pumpkin bless, and apple sauce
Squeak the fife, &c.

Now Sal put on your russet skirt,
And Jonthan git your Sunday shirt
Why here comes Sambo with his fiddle,
To-day we'll dance to tiddle, tiddle.
Sambo, take a dram of whiskey,
And play us Yankee Doodle frisky
Squeak the fife, &c.

Simmonds, the Bellower.

(Parody on Simon the cellarer.)

OLD Simmonds, the bellower keeps a coal store,
Of 'clinkers,' & 'slates' nub bel-y
And light weights, and who can say what he does more?
For a pious old cock is he.
The sack to have holes in he never does fail,
And all the day long he keeps 'slanging' the scale;
Yet they'll never nail him, he bluntly does say, (wag.ons a day.
While he makes a ton out of six
And oh, dear! oh, his snout does show, (does go.
How oft the 'three out' to his lip

His flame, Moggy, sits in her little back room,
And of tin the range has she;
From there every hour comes forth a perfume,
And she says it is strong bohea.
t there's a black tea pot behind the room door,
Aad Moggy is oft in 'high-strikes on the floor;
Now Moggy she swears she must take 'pon her soul,
A 'summut,' to wash down the dust of the coal.
But oh, no go! Old Simmonds does know,
Where many a cask of Old Tom does go.

Old Simmonds, blind drunk, in his three-legged chair,
Talks strongly of whacking his wife;
And Moggy is heard, 's'help her bob,' to declare,
" She'll settle his guzzling for life.
Then Moggy she gives him the length of her tongue,
Till both of them battle, being more than half-sprung;
So, somehow, it ends wit a break of the head,
And Simmonds and her, the police put to bed;
With, 'ho, ho, Joe! they'll tip us we know,
What! lock 'em up? that's not our game, no, no, no.

Many changes have I seen.

Composed and Sung by Mr. Henry Russell.)

MANY changes have I seen,
Over many lands I've been
And I've learned a thing or two in my time;
I never knew a knave
Who went happy to his grave,
Or reach'd the mountain top he meant to climb.
Tho' I've travelled far and wide,
And have waited time and tide,
I never knew dishonesty to win,
Or a heart however hard,
From all sympathy debarr'd,
Or that kindness could not touch and enter in.

Never yet in all my round,
Tho' I've sought him, ve I found
A thriving man contented wi his gold;
Or the children of the just,
Lying ho eless in the dust,
Without a friend to shield them from the cold.
Never yet could I discern,
Tho' I've struggled hard to learn
That the rich could bolt out sorrow from their door;
Or that wisdom ever wise,
In it's own and other's eyes,
Did not nurse some little folly at the core.

Never yet I knew a man,
Who made others' good his plan,
Who was not over-paid in peace of mind;
Nor a worshipper self,
And a scraper up of pelf,
Whose treasures were not scatter'd to the wind!
And now my song is done,
Here's success to every one,
Who plays through all his life a manly part!
And be blessings round them flung
Be they old, or be they young,
Who unite the willing hand and loving heart.

Further particulars concerning Vilikins & Dinah.

At twelve the next night, by a tall poplar tree,
The ghost of Miss Dinah the parient did see
Arm in-arm with her Vilikins, and both looking blue,
Said, "We shouldn't have been pisoned, if it hadn't been for you

Now the parient was struck with a orror of home,
So he packed up portmanteaus, all round the world to roam;
But as he was starting, he was seized with a shiver,
Which shook him to death, from which he couldn't rekiver.

Moral—Number Two.

Now the moral is this Number one is not reckoned—
So this is the first moral, though it comes second:
You may learn from my song, which is true, every word,
All this wouldn'te have happened if it hadn't occurred.